

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT. AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 408.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1830.

[Price 2d.]

**The Cartoon Gallery, at Hampton Court.**



## Pine Arts.

### THE CARTOON GALLERY, AT HAMPTON COURT.

THE commencement of a new volume of our Miscellany with one of the grandest wonders of art that the world ever produced, (for such are the *Cartoons of Raphael*) cannot but prove attractive to every reader.

Before entering upon a description of the *Cartoons*, as Raphael's inimitable productions are emphatically termed, and for whose reception this gallery was erected, it may not be amiss to explain that a Cartoon, generally, derives its name from being drawn on paper; the Italian word *Cartona* implying a drawing so made. Cartoons are usually made as patterns for painting in fresco, tapestry, mosaic, &c. In either of these modes of delineation, the artist cannot trace his entire outline, as on the canvass; therefore he is under the necessity of making the entire design the full size of the intended work, on large paper joined together: the outline is then neatly punctured with a needle, pin, or other point, and is thus transferred, as wanted, upon the work. Thus, Mr. Horner's drawings upon 2,000 sheets of paper were a Cartoon for his Colosseum panorama of London.

The Cartoons at Hampton Court, represent the following subjects: beginning from the left of our engraving:

1. The Death of Annanias, *Acts*, chap. v.\*
2. Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck blind, *Acts*, chap. xiii.
3. Peter and John healing the Lame at the Gate of the Temple, *Acts*, chap. iii.
4. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, *Luke*, chap. v.
5. The Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas, by the people of Lystra, a capital of Lycaonia, *Acts*, chap. xiv.
6. Paul preaching at Athens, *Acts*, chap. xvii.
7. The Charge to St. Peter, *St. John*, chap. xxi.

In the concise description of Hampton Court, accompanying a Bird's-eye view of the Palace, in our last volume, page 99, the Cartoon Gallery is mentioned as 117 feet by 23 feet three inches. It was built by William III. expressly for the reception of the *Cartoons*, his possession of which may be thus briefly explained.

These inestimable productions of hu-

man genius, which are unparalleled for variety of character, excellency of composition, and correctness of expression, were originally designed as patterns for tapestry, to adorn the pontifical apartments of Leo X. in the Vatican at Rome. They are the latest and most esteemed works of Raphael, and were executed about the year 1510. There were thirteen of these magnificent designs, which were intended to represent the origin, sanction, economy, and progress of the Christian religion, but the above seven pieces are all that have been preserved, with the exception of some scattered remnants in different private collections. When the designs were completed, they were sent to Flanders, and traced in tapestry, under the direction of Van Orley and Michael Coxie; but Leo and Raphael, the patron and painter, both dying before the work was finished, the tapestry was not carried to Rome for several years; probably not till after the sacking of that city, in the time of Clement VII. At this disastrous period, the scholars of Raphael fled, and none being left to inquire for the original designs, they were left neglected in the store-rooms of the manufactory. Here they remained during the revolution, and the consequent neglect of art which succeeded in the low countries, until nearly a century afterwards they were seen by Rubens, who, with an energy proportioned to their merit, recommended them to Charles I., whose true taste and munificent patronage of works of art, were aided and repaid by the labours of Rubens, Vandyke, and other great masters, by which means he formed some of the finest collections of pictures ever assembled. Thus, Charles "employed skilful painters to copy what he could not purchase. Through the interposition of Rubens he obtained the Cartoons of Raphael, and by the negotiation of Buckingham, the collection of the Duke of Mantua, containing eighty-two pictures, principally by Julio Romano, Titian, and Correggio. These and others rendered the great gallery at Whitehall, a place of general attraction; there the king was oftener to be found than in his own apartments; all who loved or encouraged art went there; and so careful was Charles of these favourite works—that on the occasion of a public banquet, he caused a temporary place of accommodation to be constructed, rather than run any risk of soiling the paintings by the vapour of were paid for "after the rate of sixteen pence per foot for the glass."

\* One of the finest windows of King's College, Cambridge, contains this story, as here told by Raphael, and from an old agreement (18th Henry VIII. or 1527,) we learn that these windows

candles and torches."\* This gallery alone contained 460 pictures. Indeed, the taste and enthusiasm of Charles can hardly be described. Allan Cunningham says, "The Infanta of Spain sent, as her representative, to the English court, the accomplished Rubens, who embellished the Banqueting Room at Whitehall, and remained one year in England. Vandike followed, with ill success, at first; but ultimately became a royal painter, with a knighthood and pension."

Upon the breaking out of the fierce war which ensued, art soon fell a victim. The fury of the parliament fell upon the royal galleries. The Puritans stigmatized art; silenced dramatic actors; and shut up play-houses. Cromwell had little feeling for the higher excellency of painting, and Charles's galleries, in which were upwards of 1,200 pictures, were dispersed by public sale during the years from 1645 to 1652. The Cartoons were purchased by Cromwell, who commissioned one of his officers to bid for them, and to declare openly that such bidding was for his highness; and so great was the submission paid to his taste, that several bargains were declared void by some who had the misfortune to purchase works of art when the lord general was about to assume sovereign power. Three hundred pounds was the sum offered for the Cartoons! and such was the dread or respect entertained for the real bidder, that they were instantly knocked down to him, though it was known that unlimited commissions, from different parts of Europe, had been given for their purchase. Cromwell, in a state-exigency, is said to have pawned them to the Dutch for 50,000*l.*; but this story is probably incorrect, as they were discovered, after the Restoration, in an apartment of the old palace at Whitehall, packed in cases of thinly slit deal.† King William ordered them to be brought to Hampton Court, and deposited in a gallery built expressly for their reception. In 1766, they were removed to Buckingham House; and thence, in 1788, to Windsor Castle, on the recommendation of Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.A., who considered that they were more likely to be preserved at the latter place from further injury. At Windsor, they remained nearly twenty years; where Mr. Thomas Holloway began to reduce them (by small squares) for en-

graving, he having obtained the king's consent for that laborious undertaking. The necessary time employed by the artist in his work became the cause of another removal; and the king ordered them, (about twenty-two years ago,) to be re-conveyed to Hampton Court, where they have since remained. These successive removals have been the means of considerably damaging the Cartoons; and two or three of them appear to have been ill-advisedly curtailed, to adapt them to badly-proportioned frames. All of them have been much injured by the treatment they received when used as patterns for tapestry; the extremities of the figures being full of pin-holes, made for the workmen to pounce the outlines. Other parts have been almost cut through in tracing; copies from them having several times been made. The best copies were those made by Sir James Thornhill, which formerly adorned the mansion of the Dukes of Bedford, (now pulled down) at Bloomsbury, they were presented to the Royal Academy by the late Duke of Bedford, in the year 1800, and are preserved at Somerset House, where the originals themselves were exhibited for the instruction of the students, during the lectures given in 1816 and 1817.

Such is a hasty outline of the history of these sublime productions of art; to which we believe may be added, their projected removal to the splendid gallery of the new Buckingham Palace.

Richardson, in his work on painting, has given an accurate historical, and critical description of them, and in his opinion, they are more fitted to convey a true idea of the genius of Raphael, than even the loggia of the Vatican, by many considered that illustrious painter's masterpiece. The tapestries that have been wrought from the Cartoons, are but shadows of the originals; yet are preserved with great veneration at Rome, and only shown a few days in the year, in the gallery leading from St. Peter's to the Vatican, when they attract immense crowds to view them. Towards the end of the year 1797, the French government exhibited, in the Salon du Musée, several tapestries worked at Brussels, which were said to have been executed after the designs of Raphael.

The Cartoons at Hampton Court have been several times engraved: first, by Gribelin, in Queen Anne's reign, (whence our print is copied,) and since that by several inferior artists. They have also been engraved in small by Fittler, and of a very large size, and in a splendid and superior manner, by Holloway.

\* *Lives of British Painters*, by Allan Cunningham, vol. i.

† This statement is somewhat at variance with that of a correspondent, in vol. x. of the *Mirror*; but we have reason to believe the above to be correct.

## THE MIRROR.

Another very fine Cartoon, by Raphael, of the Murder of the Innocents, is in the collection of Prince Hoare, Esq. Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy.

The information may be rather unseasonable, but it may be useful to state that the Cartoons and Pictures at Hampton Court may be seen any day or hour, on application to the guide, who resides in the palace, and expects a fee.

### LATIN TRANSLATION

*Of Charlotte Smith's Sonnet "Queen of the Silver Bow."*

O tacite dominans argenteo amabilis arcu,  
Solum sub radiis me juvat ire tuis;  
Et modò te miror tremebundam lucidà in undà,  
Altè vadentem vel modò per nebulas.  
Nec non spectanti manat mihi pectora mulcens  
Luce tuâ dulci lenis et alina quies:  
Sæpe et in orbe tuo, Moderatrix Cynthia noctis,  
Mox requieturos terrigenas reputo.  
Evadent fortasse, laboribus inde peractis,  
Longùm infelices ad loca læta tua,  
Atque hic qui miseri turbata fuenta biberant,  
Obiliti laticum pace fruuntur ibi.  
Oh! utinam citò mi fuerint tua regna serena,  
Vitæ lassato casibus innumera!  
*Connaught Terrace. B. H. SMART.*

QUEEN of the Silver Bow, by this pale beam  
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,  
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,  
Or mark the floating clouds which cross thy way.

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast,  
And oft I think, fair Planet of the night,  
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.  
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go  
Released by death to thy benignant sphere,  
And the sad children of despair and woe  
Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here,  
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,  
Poor weary pilgrim in this toiling scene.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

### THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

THE period of the residence of the young Queen of Portugal at the house of Lord Lucan, at Laleham (an engraving of which we gave in a former number), will be long remembered with satisfaction and gratitude by the inhabitants of that village, and perhaps with some pleasure by the Portuguese Court itself.

It is delightful to hear of the many acts of benevolence and charity that proceeded from the Palace, as it was then called, not a few of which are attributable to the amiable disposition of Donna Maria herself. At Christmas and Easter very liberal alms were distributed; handsome presents were made to two benefit clubs of Laleham, on the days of their annual meetings; and very many kind-

nesses from the Royal Household will cause its memory to be blessed by the poor of the village. The house was divided into all the departments of the household that could be kept up, and the chambers of the chamberlain, ladies in waiting, physician, steward, &c., had their respective distinctions marked over the doors. The management of the Marquess Barbacena combined economy with the requisite degree of state; and the strictest etiquette was observed—so much so, that, with the occasional exception of the Countess Itabagipe, no member of the household was ever suffered to sit in her Majesty's presence. An English governess formed part of the establishment; and the Queen was attended by an English music master, and other professors. Her youthful Majesty had all the playfulness and vivacity natural to her years: Lord Clinton, one of the lords of the king's bedchamber, used frequently to call and play with her for hours together at amusing games, which her Majesty was rather fonder of than of the studies imposed upon her. Donna Maria is remarkably fair, with blue eyes (which astonished many, who, on her arrival, expected to have seen a brunette), and has altogether the Austrian physiognomy of her mother. The upper part of her person is large, and as she sat in her carriage, she had the appearance of a stout young lady of twenty, which would also be imagined from the bust lately exhibited in the Royal Academy. The warm climate of Brazil has hastened her growth, as is very common, and has probably contributed to the delicacy of her constitution, the effects of which she feels chiefly in her legs, which are so weak, that her Majesty almost always had a fall when she trusted herself upon them without assistance, and was therefore habitually carried or supported by her attendants. The Queen's foot and ankle are very small and elegant; too much so, in fact, to bear the weight of her person. The physician to the household exercised over her Majesty a surveillance which did not always please her; and she, on more than one occasion, showed that she was not forgetful of the royal dignity that resided in her youthful person. FIDELITAS.

### ENVY.—A FRAGMENT.

ENVY rankles in ignoble breasts  
And stings the base man who doth foster it,  
Whilst he, the envied, feels not the fierce pang  
Which doth afflict the other. CYNELINE.

## The Sketch-Book.

THOUGHTS ON MEN AND THINGS, 1829.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Look out, while I note down each thing that Time,

Tyrannous Time hath left in deep amaze,  
Count on, count on, do I not bid thee gaze?

BARRY CORNWALL.

WELL, Mr. Editor, another year, as the newspapers have it, has "merged into the gulph of time;" and, according to promise in my "Rough Notes on 1828," you have now a few "notings" on his descendant, Twenty-nine. This gentleman's successor, "Master Thirty," was as we all know, born on Friday January 1st.

We are certainly getting on prodigiously; and the approaching perfectibility of man has, ere this, been a matter of grave discussion. For my own part, however, I am free to confess myself heretical in my opinion, as to the expected Golden Age: depend upon it, Sir, we are yet only in the middle—nay, at the beginning—of the *Age of Iron*. Hail to thee, Iron, Prince of Metals!—perchance more precious to the Peruvian, to whom thou art oft of greater value than even pure gold! On one side we hear, that in *time* we shall be hurled along a rail-road, in a steam-progressor, at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour! A man may then take a trip to the Highlands in a morning, bag his birds, and return to May-fair in good time for dinner! so that an overland journey to Calcutta or China will be within the compass of every inhabitant of the land of Cockaigne!—nay, it is whispered that our nobility, disdaining English-French cookery, intend having their dinners cooked in Paris, and forwarded direct by steam to London, so as not to cool on the way. On the other side, we are threatened with an inundation of cheap bread, from Holland, apropos—this is an unexpected measure, and we are at last likely to have that unlooked-for boon—that panacea—free bread! Again, by the aid of the new steam-paddles, we may reasonably suppose that a trip to New York, or so, to try Jonathan's cookery, will soon be an A B C affair, and may easily be compassed in one daily revolution! People may shake their heads, but Time is to produce even greater wonders. Gas is "looking-up," as they say on 'Change; and a Pneumatic, or Gas-vacuum Progressor, seems, at the period of our writing, likely to prove a formidable rival to its steaming sister.

Twelve months since we hoped to be able to chronicle the first attempt of a steam-coach to run as a public conveyance. Alas! this consummation, though so "devoutly to be wished," has never yet taken place—though we still hear of such things.

Steam certainly progresseth. Lord Byron is reported to have said—"Who shall say unto steam, thus far shalt thou go, and no further?" The preceding instances bear him well out in his opinion. His Lordship also says—"We are at present in the infancy of science. Who knows whether, when a comet shall approach this earth to destroy it, as it has been, and will be destroyed, men will not tear rocks from their foundations by means of steam, and hurl mountains, as the giants are said to have done, against the flaming mass? and then we shall see traditions of Titans again, and of wars against Heaven." Perkins's steam artillery, half-a-dozen of which would suffice to depopulate the globe in twenty-four hours, affords the most striking illustration of the extraordinary powers of steam, compared to which, the expansive force of gunpowder sinks into nothing! As it was formerly observed in the *Mirror*, the world is almost literally supplied with books by *machinery*.—Nothing seems now wanting but to *compose* by steam. On looking at the wonderful expedition of modern reporters and steam-presses, some people think the desideratum not to be impracticable. Certainly, no one can take up a newspaper without discovering fresh instances of the march. Among other "modern instances" are the fine names now given to every thing. "Oramas" are become as plenty as blackberries in autumn—the art of flying a kite is the science of *aéropleustics*—a place for boys to exercise in, a Gynnasium—even boys' schools have now become "establishments"—eating is exercising the gastronomic art—a man who cures corns is a chiropodist—almost every village has its "Athenæum"—while every little huxter's shop is dignified into a warehouse. Nothing will go down under *Waterloo House*—publicans are metamorphosed into wine merchants—players, mantua-makers and cooks are artists—thieves, conveyancers. These are but a page in the history of the march: but "enough of this."

It has sadly puzzled philosophers to define the precise meaning of "civilization." We all say and believe that we have reached the *ne plus ultra* of improvement. Our Gallic neighbours shrug up their shoulders, and set themselves

down as the most polished nation under the sun. The inhabitants of Timbuctoo, Caffre-land, or Siam, each think the same! Of what, then, does civilization consist? Is it only an idea—an impalpable essence—existing only in the imagination? or are splendid houses, an equipage and four greys, steam-coaches, Rowland's Macassar, Hunt's matchless, umbrella bonnets, feather-bed sleeves, Stultz, waltzing, Roman punch, iced Champagne, or rising at noon, among its essentials? Or does it consist in painting or tattooing the body all over, or perchance greasing it with fat perfumed,

"Like the sweet south, stealing over a bed of violets?"

Or wearing nose-rings, rising before daylight, or living in a hut by "Nature's cunning hand" laid out? or yelling in the "mazy dance," excited by the inspiring fumes of arrack, koumis, or similar "detestable beverages?" (query gin?) Or what is the difference between firing at your friend with a pistol at six paces, or dispatching him at once with the stroke of a club or an arrow? or between coolly laying a plan to swindle your friend out of his property under the mask of friendship, and reducing his family to beggary, or in one tribe attacking another's wigwams by night, and plundering or massacring their wives and children? Nations are divided on these questions.

But to return from this digression. Verily, the "schoolmaster" has gone abroad with a vengeance. Among innumerable instances of the march, take the following as a specimen:—A gentleman has invented an instrument for "the instantaneous conveyance of intelligence to any distance." He "undertakes to demonstrate, clearly and briefly, in the work which he has now in the press, the practicability and facility of transmitting from London, *instantaneously*, to an agent at Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, the Cape of Good Hope, Madras, Calcutta, &c. any question or message whatever, and of receiving back again at London, within the short space of one minute! an acknowledgment on the arrival of such question or message at the place appointed, and a distinct answer to it in a few minutes. In principle this engine is altogether different from every kind of telegraph or semaphore, and requires neither intermediate station nor repetition. In its action it is totally unconnected with electricity, magnetism, or galvanism, or any other subtle

species of matter; and although the communication from place to place is instantaneous, and capable of ringing a bell, firing a gun, or hoisting a flag if required (!!) yet this is not effected by the transit of anything whatever to and fro, nor in the operation is aught either audible or visible, except to the persons communicating. It may be proper, however, to state, that a channel or way must previously be prepared, by sinking a series of rods of a peculiar description in the ground, or *dropping them in the sea!* but these, after the first cost, will remain good for ages to come, if substantial when laid down."—*sic* in *New Monthly Magazine*, Oct., 1829.—After this, "the force of numbers can no further go."

As the "grand tour" of the "good old times" has become a mere bagatelle (for the tourist can book his place without further trouble, in London, by steam, to Switzerland direct) it became necessary, in the present rage for novelty, to enlarge the sphere of observation. As Europe has become too small for our modern tourists, a prospectus has been circulated, which goes at once to the root of the evil, by proposing to circumnavigate the globe, in a vessel properly equipped, at one trip, which is to occupy three years—visiting the four (or, to perpetrate a tremendous bull) the *five quarters* of the earth (including Australia) in succession. This is literally making the grand tour, truly!—The scheme is addressed to "young noblemen and gentlemen," and, we doubt not, will find supporters. If the "tarry-at-home travellers" of the last century were to rise from their graves, how they would stare. In 1930, we imagine, when the Sandwich Islands, or Australia, shall have become as familiar as Switzerland is now, people will be contemplating a voyage to the moon: query, in a steam-balloon?

It seems, amongst other novelties, that, not having the fear of Malthus or Bentham before their eyes, divers daring and ill-advised persons have issued a prospectus of a *Matrimonial Company!* so, no doubt, we shall in time carry on love suits by proxy, like our "ancient ally," the Turk. A list of these undertakings would, however, collectively, be one of the most striking illustrations that could be offered of the times.

Clubs are all the rage. Every village will soon have its club, "to chat about the price of things, the fashion, and the weather." The Traveller's, which is about being erected next the Athenæum, will, it is said, be the most splendid in

the metropolis, though its palatial neighbour may almost bid defiance to criticism. I wish this remark could be extended to many other new erections: the new churches, especially, are complete failures. Ill-natured persons say, however, that clubs will ultimately annihilate the domestic character of Englishmen.

In literature, art, and science, the most prominent novelties have been noticed progressively in the *Mirror*; and we can only remark, that 1829 has been distinguished by the production of many very important works.

Annals have been formerly touched on—they certainly go on improving; thanks again to Iron! To the improvements made in engraving on steel, ten or twelve years ago (we might almost date the invention at that period), by Mr. Charles Heath, the lovers of art are solely indebted for these beautiful publications.

In politics, our province is limited; but the less that is said on the subject, at this jocund season of the year, the better: for what says Sterne on the text, "It is better to go into the house of mourning than the house of feasting."—that I deny.

Emigration forms one of the prominent features of the year. The Swan River settlement, whether we take its commanding geographical position, or the admirable climate and soil, into consideration, will probably become, at no distant day, one of the greatest colonies of Britain.

As to Nicholas, and our "Ancient Ally," we will leave their destinies in the hands of Messrs. the Gentlemen of the Press. "Enough—no more" The initiated say, however, that the portentous aspect of Mars still predominates.

But my lamp and my fire burn low, and so "my public," I must "with the hand of my heart," as Tom Hood says, bring this paper to a close. For what says the poet—

"Heap on more wood, the wind is chill;

But let it whistle as it will,

We'll keep our merry Christmas still." \*  
Val.

VIVIAN.

#### MEMORY.

(For the *Mirror*.)

"I know her by her robe of mourning."

CURBAN,

Busy Memory! tell me why,  
Tears are ever in thine eye,  
And mournful is thy melody,

\* Sir Walter Scott.

Now on the night-wind swelling?  
Down Time's long vale thine echoes roll,  
And sadly, sadly on my soul  
Thine influence is dwelling.

Long years come back in bright array,  
The sun-bright morning of my day,  
When sweetly pass'd my hours away.

Hope's azure skies above me,  
When music was in every breeze,  
And verdure ever on the trees,  
And eyes look'd on that lov'd me.

I thought this world a fairy land;  
The skies so blue, the air so bland,  
And lasting seem'd the golden band  
That bound my joys together,  
I fear'd no change, nor loss, nor blight,  
Adversity's overshadowing night,  
And dark tempestuous weather.

But years come back of other days,  
No time the characters can raze,  
Or Memory cease to bend her gaze  
On all their record bears;  
Death came—and change, and one by one,  
Are youth's gay hopes and pleasure's gone  
"To silence and to tears."

Thou "greedy grave!" in thy dark night,  
The eyes are clos'd that shone so bright,  
And shed their fond unvarying light  
So faithfully on me!  
In nightly dreams they come again,  
When "bitter Fancy" holds her reign,  
And mourning Memory.

And years roll by, in other scenes,  
New friends, new hopes, new cares are mine  
The sun of gladness faintly beams  
O'er the wide wrecks of time.  
And Fancy checks her wayward flight,  
And Hope's gay visions shone in night,  
Like wintry moon-beams ahine.

Then busy Memory cease to raise  
Thy pageant fair of other days,  
And let me now direct my gaze  
On brighter worlds to come!  
Where neither time, nor change, nor death  
Can mar one flower, in that bright wreath  
That blooms beyond the tomb.

Kirton Lindsay.

ANNE R

#### THE VILLAGE BELLS.

(For the *Mirror*.)

"That blessed, homely music, wont to fill  
My heart with pure and unalloyed delight."  
Mrs. HEMANS.

RETURNING to my childhood's home,  
I saw, with heaviness, how chang'd  
Had every haunt of bliss become,  
Where once, a reckless boy, I rang'd;  
I deem'd not time would e'er divide  
Those hearts which did so kindly prove  
With coldness, mix'd with paltry pride,  
And vulgar hate instead of love;  
Yet Nature's change, and friendship's shame  
Had left the village bells the same.

Their music bore my thoughts away  
Unto that early, hallow'd time,  
When called by duty here to pray,  
His eued to their luring chime;



But *they* who taught me heaven to crave,  
My father, mother, where were they?  
Green was the turf that topped *his* grave—

On *her* a mossier sod there lay;  
Yet memory might some record claim  
The Village Bells were still the same.

And looking to the leafless wood,

'Twas scarcely seen across the down,  
How narrow look'd the silent flood!

How grey the little church had grown!

And shooting from its creviced tower,

I saw the sickly alder climb;

And faded was the dial'd hour

Where shadow show'd the sunny time;

But on the breeze, sweet chimes there came

The Village Bells were still the same.

The solemn elms, whose branches grew  
Against the chancel's Gothic wall;

The hardy oaks whose shadow threw,

A darkness o'er the window tall:

The distant cot that deck'd the hill

The vale receding from the view;

With woody walk and noisy mill—

Gave token of an alter'd hue,

Nor Fancy did the difference frame—

The Village Bells were still the same.

"And here may be my rest," said I,

As leaning on the churchyard gate;

"And little reck's it where I lie

Amidst the poor, or with the great;

Though cenotaph and circling pale

Above my humbler ashes rise,

Telling to all its gilded tale

Of virtues blazon'd but in lies—

When fled my form, forgot my name,

Those Village Bells shall sound the same."

\* \* H.

## The Cosmopolite.

### PANTOMIME OF THE ANCIENTS.

Not that I think those pantomimes,  
Who vary action with the times,  
Are less ingenious in their art,  
Than those who only act a part.

*Hudibras.*

THE clearest notion that we have obtained of pantomime, is that it consists of the art of imitative dance. Now, the art of dancing is divided, properly, into two parts, distinct entirely from each other: one of which may be termed *gymnastic*, the other *mimetic*, or imitative. The former part of the art is of considerable antiquity in England; but the latter, which consists of pure imitation, was only introduced at the commencement of the last century. Strictly speaking, pantomime is divided into three species, the tragic, the comic, and the farcical. Of these, the latter has been cultivated in the pieces called "Pantomimes," since the above date; but it was not until the close of the last century that the more elegant and regulated motions of the art were introduced on our stage:

we allude to the *ballet*, which is indeed a species of "pantomime." True it is, that there is throughout the farcical pieces a musical accompaniment; but Harlequin and Columbine only are attentive to the cadence of the music.

—Thus, whilst the higher order of the art was neglected, the genius of pantomime degenerated to the *bizarre* adventures of Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon. Our first purpose is therefore to point out the classical superiority of the pantomime of the ancients to that of our times.

The ancients, it is well known, in their estimation of the dance, considered chiefly its mimetic powers. Being in its origin united with music, solemn, or fugitive, in the service of religion, it thereby acquired a dignity which in modern times it never possessed. The most sacred mysteries of heathenism were thus accompanied. Apollo, in a passage of Pindar, is called the Dancer; and there is a Greek line extant, which makes even Jupiter himself in the very act of dancing. Even at Rome, where the dance was on the whole much less respected, the Priests of Mars, to whom the care of the sacred *ancilia* were committed, were, from their customary and solemn dances, denominated *Salii*.<sup>\*</sup> Of the imitative dance, both Plato and Xenophon, in the person of their master, Socrates, speak very favourably; and Aristotle expressly ranks it with the art of poetry. Plutarch considered it worthy of distinct discussion;† and Lucian has left us an express eulogium, in which he scruples not to prefer the *orchestral* to the speaking dramas. "The Greeks," says Athenæus, "had brought their dance to such perfection in the art of imitating the passions, that the most eminent sculptors thought their time not ill employed in studying and designing the attitudes of the public dancers; and to this study," he adds, "they owed, undoubtedly, some of the most transcendent beauties of their works."

This perfect species of mimetic dance was constantly united with music, vocal and instrumental, in the choruses of the tragic, comic, and satyric dramas, which exhibited the three distinct species of imitation above enumerated; and, though it does not appear that performances of mere unmixed pantomime were even common among the independent Greeks, it is certain that at Rome, under Augustus,‡ these enter-

\* From *Salio*.

† In the last book of *Symposium Questions*.

\* Pylades and Bathylus were the heroes of



tainments became fashionable, and for some centuries afterwards were cultivated with eagerness, which degenerated into absurdity and vice.\* In all these dances, the motions of the hands and the gestures of the body were esteemed no less essential than the pulsations of the feet; and, if in the accounts of those performances now extant we find no mention of the expression and action of the countenance, it is owing to the use of *masks*, which the vast extent of the ancient theatres made expedient, rather than offensive. †

Rousseau very justly considers the expression of the looks and gestures as an universal language; but in England the extensive powers of this species of eloquence were but little known till the close of the last century, when ballets were first produced by French artists, on the stage of our Italian Opera. We find but little mention of them in the history of this theatre. From an elegantly written pamphlet, dated 1788, we, however, learn that one of the earliest, and most successful, was the ballet of *Cupid and Psyche*—"in which," observes the writer, "the serious and comic pantomime of the ancients ap-

pear to have been completely revived. Nor does there seem to be any sufficient reason to suppose that the grand ballets lately exhibited in the theatres of London and Paris are inferior, in any material point, to those which formerly delighted the wits and philosophers of Athens, or the polished courtiers of the Roman metropolis: indeed, from the actors not wearing masks, as in Rome, our pieces could not fail to be superior." He then particularizes the style of Le Picq and the elder Vestris, as that for which the Roman Pylades was so much admired; and the younger Vestris as, in all points of excellence, the Bathylus of the moderns: "so admirable are the two former in the grave and tragic dance, and the latter in the elegance of comic levity." Our elegant friend of the Opera (for he must have been an inveterate frequenter) is in some doubt whether *Medea and Jason* was the first performance of this kind in this country: this which he characterises as "a drama of very transcendent excellence: indeed, Madame Simonet, who enacted *Medea* in her looks and gestures, almost rivalled Mrs. Siddons, then about in the zenith of her popularity. It may, therefore, be conceived to what point of excellence this species of the pantomimic art may be carried, when it is proved to have even rivalled some of the highest efforts of tragic acting. We think the term used to denote them on our stage is *Ballet of Action*, for *The Deserter*, an English piece of this description, is from a ballet of the same name, originally produced at the Italian Opera.

\* Dramatic amusements formed splendid terms in the luxurious entertainments of the Romans. Gibbon describes them as considering "the circus as their home, their temple, and the seat of the Republic. "The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to secure their places, and there were many who passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjacent porticoes. From the morning to the evening, careless of the sun or of the rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to 400,000, remained in eager attention. The vast and magnificent theatres of Rome were filled by 3,000 female dancers, and by 3,000 singers, with the masters of the respective choruses. Such was the popular favour which they enjoyed, that, in a time of scarcity, when all strangers were banished from the city, the merit of contributing to the public pleasures exempted them from a law which was strictly executed against the professors of the liberal arts."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*.

~ Masks were very common among the ancients, and were more particularly used by the performers at their theatres. It is uncertain whether the Egyptians understood theatrical entertainments; but remains of their monuments prove them to have been accustomed to conceal their faces with masks. They were originally made of the bark of trees, then of leather, subsequently of wood, and of paper varnished. At what period the black silk vizor came into fashion, we know not; but masks of black velvet were commonly worn in France in the time of Louis XIV. Very recently masks have been made of fine wire-work, variously coloured; they are cooler, and pleasanter to wear than others, but are sadly deficient in natural effect. Female masks were worn by boys, who formerly played women's parts on our stage

pear to have been completely revived. Nor does there seem to be any sufficient reason to suppose that the grand ballets lately exhibited in the theatres of London and Paris are inferior, in any material point, to those which formerly delighted the wits and philosophers of Athens, or the polished courtiers of the Roman metropolis: indeed, from the actors not wearing masks, as in Rome, our pieces could not fail to be superior." He then particularizes the style of Le Picq and the elder Vestris, as that for which the Roman Pylades was so much admired; and the younger Vestris as, in all points of excellence, the Bathylus of the moderns: "so admirable are the two former in the grave and tragic dance, and the latter in the elegance of comic levity." Our elegant friend of the Opera (for he must have been an inveterate frequenter) is in some doubt whether *Medea and Jason* was the first performance of this kind in this country: this which he characterises as "a drama of very transcendent excellence: indeed, Madame Simonet, who enacted *Medea* in her looks and gestures, almost rivalled Mrs. Siddons, then about in the zenith of her popularity. It may, therefore, be conceived to what point of excellence this species of the pantomimic art may be carried, when it is proved to have even rivalled some of the highest efforts of tragic acting. We think the term used to denote them on our stage is *Ballet of Action*, for *The Deserter*, an English piece of this description, is from a ballet of the same name, originally produced at the Italian Opera.

Many subsequent ballets at the Opera House have presented perfect specimens of this elegant art: those of mythological story being most successful. To enumerate them would be tedious, our object being to point out the distinction between ancient and modern pantomime. In regretting the decline of the former, we ought not to overlook the fact of some portion of it being still retained, and being blended with music and poetical association, in the form of operatic compositions, of which excellence the performances of Pasta and Malibran are splendid instances. Of modern pantomime, it is our intention to take a rapid view in an ensuing number of the *Mirror*, when its distinction from the ancient art will be rendered still more obvious than it has been by the foregoing hasty observations of

PHILO-DRAMATICUS.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### ANECDOTES OF THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

THE acquisitions of these lads seem to proceed nearly *pari passu*: they have both learned a good deal of English, and speak it very nearly alike. They have also, of late, been taught whist, at which they play tolerably well, and of which they are very fond. And one of the remarkable traits attending this is, that they play the game *against* each other, and most honourably (we have seen single-bodied players not quite so correct) abstain from looking into each other's hands. The other day Chang played *dumby* against Eng and a partner, and a very interesting contest it was.

Recently, when they were indisposed, they took medicine together, and were affected precisely in the same manner; but when medicine was administered to the one, and not to the other, no effect was produced on the exempt.

A curious exemplification of their separate state is afforded by the grand mystery of dreaming. Not long since, the individual who sleeps in the room with them observed one extremely disturbed in his sleep, and the other so violently agitated that he screamed out. He hastened to awake them; and on inquiring what was the matter, the one that was disturbed told him he had dreamed he met his mother; the other, who was more agitated, that he thought somebody was cutting off his hair. The hair, by the way, is a cherished ornament. In sleeping they lie on their back, with their heads, generally, as far apart as possible or convenient.

While asleep, if you touch one you also awake the other; but it appears, that though a sensation is communicated, it is not the same sensation. For example, if one is tickled to cause laughter, the other knows you are tickling his brother, but he does not feel it. This is the case, whether he sees what is done or not.

They are smart in their remarks, and very excellent mimics and imitators. The other day Sir A. Carlisle was enforcing the expediency of their being taught to read; and, by way of demonstrating the thing, he marked a big A on a card to show them. This he did, pronouncing in a sound pedagogue style *A a a*. The boys immediately sounded the letter so like their instructor as to create considerable merriment. He then went to B and C; but while doing so, they had got a little impatient (as schoolboys will

do with their teachers), and one of them interrupted him; upon which he exclaimed, "Pshaw, pshaw, attend to me." So the lesson continued, till Chang took the pencil to make the letters, and held it in his hand in the most awkward way; upon which Sir Anthony interfered to set him right; but the scholar was close in all, and in his turn exclaimed the very same—"Pshaw, pshaw, atten me!" He, nevertheless, drew the A capitably in his own mode.

On another occasion, a visiter, impressed with the idea that their religious instruction ought to be attended to, spoke to them on this subject. In his investigation of their condition, he asked, "Do you know where you would go if you were to die?" To which they replied quickly, pointing up with their fingers, "Yes, yes, up dere." Their saintly friend, unluckily for himself, persevered in catechising; and questioned them, "Do you know where I should go, if I were to die?" to which they as promptly answered, pointing downwards, "Yes, yes, down dere." We are afraid that the laugh which followed was likely to efface the memory of the well-meant attempt to imbue their minds with Christian knowledge.

With regard to their speaking to each other, though they do not do so often, yet they occasionally converse. It has also a singular effect to witness the two speaking together at the same time, on different topics, to different persons. This they will do if two beautiful females happen to address them together; for they have taste enough to be very partial to beauty in the other sex. They are much attached to the wife of Mr. ———, one of the individuals who brought them to Europe.

They almost always eat alone, and, we understand, have a dislike to being looked at while they take their meals.

Of their strange formation, an accurate cast has been taken by Mr. Sievier, and admirably copied in wax by a pupil of Mr. B. Bolton, the medical gentleman who has attended them since their arrival.—*Literary Gazette*.

### STANZAS ON SEEING A RECENTLY ERECTED MONUMENT\* IN THE CHAPEL OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

STOP, shipmate stop, he can't be dead!  
His muse yet lives, to seamen dear;  
His spirit has but shot a-head,  
And yet our midnight watch may cheer.  
Still on each heart his lays resound  
From Nile re-echoed to the North;  
Yet many a hope of mirth's aground,  
Should Charley be indeed no more.

\* To the Memory of C. Dibdin.

The "Evening Watch," the sounding lead,  
Will sadly miss old Charley's line;  
"Saturday Night" may go to bed,  
His sun has set, no more to shine!  
"Sweethearts and Wives" though we may sing  
Or toast, at sea, "the Girls on Shore,"  
Jack's fiddle wants its master string,  
Since tuneless Charley is no more.

"Jack Ratline's" story now who'll tell?  
Or chronicle each boatswain brave?  
The sailor's kind historian fell  
With him who sang "The Soldier's Grave."  
"Poor Jack," "Ben Backstay"—But belay!  
Starboard and larboard, aft and fore,  
Each from his brow may swab the spray,  
For Charley spins the yarn no more.

The capstan, compass, and the log,  
Will off his Muse to memory bring;  
And when all hands wheel round the grog,  
They'll drink and blubber while they sing.  
For grog was often Charley's theme,  
A double spirit then it bore:  
It somehow seems to me a dream,  
That such a spirit is no more.

It smooth'd the tempest, cheer'd the calm,  
Made each a hero at his gun;  
It even proved to foes a balm,  
Soon as the angry fight was done.  
Then, shipmates, check that rising sigh,  
He's gone, as others went afore,  
And even foremost men must die,  
As well as Charley, now no more!  
*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## FROSTY WEATHER.

(From the "Noctes" of Blackwood.)

NORTH.—What, James, is your favourite weather?

Shepherd.—A clear, hard, black frost. Sky without a clud—sun bright, but almost cold—earth firm aneath your feet as a rock—trees silent, but not asleep wi' their budded branches—ice-edged rivers, amaisit mute and motionless, yet wimplin' awee, and murmuring dozingly as in a dream—the air or atmosphere sae rarefied by the mysterious alchemy o' that wonderfu' Wuzard Wunter, that when ye draw in your breath, ye're no sensible o' ha'in' ony lungs; wi' sic a celestial coolness does the spirit o' the middle region pervade and permeate the totality o' ane's hail created existence, sowle and body being but ane essence, the pulses o' ane indistinguishable frae the feelin's o' the ither, materialism and immaterialism just ane and the same thing, without ony perceptible shade o' difference, and the immortality o' the sowle felt in as sure a faith as the now of its being, sae that ilka thocht is as pious as a prayer, and the happy habitude o' the entire man an absolute religion. Then, Sir, what a glorious appetiteet in a black frost! Corned beef and greens send up in their steam your soul to heaven. The greediest gluttony is satisfied, and becomes a virtue. Eating, for eating's sake, and in oblivion o' its feneal cause, is then the most sacred c' household duties. The sweat-drops

that stand on your brow, while your jaws are clunking, is beautifu' as the dew on the mountain at sunrise—as poetical as the foam-bells on the bosom o' the glitterin' river. The music o' knives and forks is like that o' "flutes and saft recorders," "breathing deliberate valour;" and think, Sir, oh think! hoo the imagination is roosed by the power o' contrast between the gor-cock lyin' wi' his buttered breast on the braid o' his back upon a bed o' brown toasted breed, and whurrin' awa' in vain doon the wund afore the death-shot, and then tapsel-teery head over heels, on the blue lift, and doon on the greensward or the blooming heather, a battered and bluidy bunch o' plumage, gorgeous and glorious still in the dead-thraws, your only bird o' Paradise!

## The Selector;

AND  
LITERARY NOTICES OF  
NEW WORKS.DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF  
JERUSALEM.

[We extract the following gorgeous description of this memorable event from the third volume of the Rev. Mr. Milman's *History of the Jews*. It will be found intensely interesting,—we might say poetical, even did not its brilliancy remind us of the highly-wrought poem—The Fall of Jerusalem, by the same author:—]

High above the whole city rose the Temple, uniting the commanding strength of a citadel with the splendour of a sacred edifice. According to Josephus, the esplanade on which it stood had been considerably enlarged by the accumulation of fresh soil, since the days of Solomon, particularly on the north side. It now covered a square of a furlong each side.\* Solomon had faced the precipitous sides of the rock on the east, and perhaps the south, with huge blocks of stone, the other sides likewise had been built up with perpendicular walls to an equal height. These walls in no part were lower than 300 cubits, 525 feet; but their whole height was not seen, excepting on the eastern and perhaps the southern sides, as the earth was heaped up to the level of the streets of the city. Some of the stones employed in this work were 70 feet square.

On this gigantic foundation ran on each front a strong and lofty wall with-

\* D'Anville, from an estimate of the present area of the hill, is inclined to suppose that the whole ought to be nearly ten instead of six stadia.

out, within a spacious double portico or cloister 52½ feet broad, supported by 162 columns, which supported a cedar ceiling of the most exquisite workmanship. The pillars were entire blocks hewn out of solid marble, of dazzling whiteness, 43½ high. On the south side the portico or cloister was triple.

The open courts were paved with various inlaid marbles. Between this outer court, of the Gentiles, and the second court of the Israelites ran rails of stone, but of beautiful workmanship, rather more than five feet high. Along these, at regular intervals, stood pillars with inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; warning all strangers and Jews who were unclean, from entering into the Holy Court beyond. An ascent of 14 steps led to a terrace 17½ feet wide, beyond which arose the wall of the Inner Court. This wall appeared on the outside 70 feet, on the inside 43½; for besides the ascent of 14 steps to the terrace, there were five more up to the gates. The Inner Court had no gate or opening to the west, but four on the north, and four on the south, two to the east, one of which was for the women, for whom a part of the Inner Court was set apart—and beyond which they might not advance; to this they had access likewise by one of the northern, and one of the southern gates, which were set apart for their use. Around this court ran another splendid range of porticoes or cloisters, the columns were quite equal in beauty and workmanship, though not in size, to those of the outer portico. Nine of these gates, or rather gateway towers, were richly adorned with gold and silver, on the doors, the door-posts, and the lintels. The doors of each of the nine gates were 52½ feet high, and half that breadth. Within, the gateways were 52½ feet wide and deep, with rooms on each side, so that the whole looked like lofty towers: the height from the base to the summit was 70 feet. Each gateway had two lofty pillars 21 feet in circumference. But that which excited the greatest admiration was the tenth, usually called the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. It was of Corinthian brass of the finest workmanship. The height of the Beautiful Gate was 87½, its doors 70 feet. The father of Tiberius Alexander had sheeted these gates with gold and silver; his apostate son was to witness their ruin by the plundering hands and fiery torches of his Roman friends. Within this quadrangle there was a further separation, a low wall which divided the priests from the Israelites: near this stood the

great brazen altar. Beyond, the Temple itself reared its glittering front. The great porch or Propyleon, according to the design of the last, or Herod's Temple, extended to a much greater width than the Temple itself; in addition to the former width of 105 feet, it had two wings of 35 each, making in the whole 175. The great gate of this last quadrangle, to which there was an ascent of twelve steps, was called that of Nicanor. The gateway tower was 132½ high, 43½ wide, it had no doors, but the frontispiece was covered with gold, and through its spacious arch was seen the golden gate of the Temple, glittering with the same precious metal, with large plates of which it was sheeted all over. Over this gate hung the celebrated golden vine. This extraordinary piece of workmanship had bunches, according to Josephus, as large as a man. The Rabbins add, that, "like a true natural vine, it grew greater and greater; men would be offering, some, gold to make a leaf; some a grape, some a bunch: and these were hung up upon it, and so it was increasing continually."

The Temple itself, excepting in the extension of the wings of the Propyleon, was probably the same in its dimensions and distribution with that of Solomon. It contained the same holy treasures, if not of equal magnificence, yet by the zeal of successive ages, the frequent plunder, to which it had been exposed, was constantly replaced; and within, the golden candlestick spread out its flowering branches, the golden table supported the show-bread, and the altar of incense flamed with its costly perfume. The roof of the Temple had been set all over on the outside with sharp golden spikes, to prevent the birds from settling, and defiling the roof; and the gates were still sheeted with plates of the same splendid metal. At a distance, the whole Temple looked literally like "a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles."

Looking down upon its marble courts, and on the Temple itself, when the sun arose above the Mount of Olives, which it directly faced, it was impossible, even for a Roman, not to be struck with wonder, or even for a stoic, like Titus, not to betray his emotion. Yet this was the city, which in a few months was to lie a heap of undistinguished ruins; and the solid Temple itself, which seemed built for eternity, not "to have one stone left upon another."

*The Temple set on Fire.*

It was the 10th of August, A.C. 70, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the King of Babylon : it was almost passed. Titus withdrew into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on ; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or Porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords, with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed : he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire : his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not, or would not hear : they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or, stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands : they lay heaped, like sacrifices, round the altar ; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery ; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder ; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion, Liberalis, endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office ; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity

against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing around them radiant with gold, which showed dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames : they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door—the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat : and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew ! The whole summit of the hill, which commanded the city, blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame ; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light ; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up ; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction : the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces—some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights : all along the walls resounded screams and wailings : men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

*Slaughter and Sacking.*

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead, to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first, into the outer court of the Temple ; afterwards, into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below.—Afterwards they fled to a part of the

wall, about fourteen feet wide. They were summoned to surrender; but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasures, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his Almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished.

#### THE SAVIOUR AS A CHILD WITH FLOWERS.

BLISS age of innocence and truth,  
Of open heart as open brow;  
When thoughts are free and words are sooth:—  
Ere the warm blood of wilder youth  
Flows through the veins, and in the eye  
Glows with unquiet brilliancy—  
Childhood, how fair art thou!  
Fair even in the sons of earth;  
But thou wert fairest when the Saviour smiled.  
When He of virgin birth  
Stooped to the semblance of an earth-born child.

And did he spend the vacant hour  
Child-like, in ranging plain and wood?  
And did he seek the shadowy bower,  
And, sportive, twine the summer flower,  
While, as the rustic crown he wreathed,  
Each conscious flower fresh odours breathed;  
And e'en the blossoms, strewed  
As though unheeded, o'er the ground,  
Drooped not, nor withered; but unfading shed  
A balmy fragrance round  
Than when they glittered in their parent bed?

Then blame we not the venturesome dream  
Of painter-poet—who hath traced  
What some, perchance, may lightly deem  
Of Him, in whom the Heavenly Beam  
Though latent in a fleshly shroud,  
Was, like the sun behind a cloud,  
Though dimmed, yet undefaced;—  
For who could mark the fair young brow,  
The ringlets of that wildly-clustering hair,  
That look serene—nor know  
No child of sin, no heir of death was there!

Mark too that varied coronal,  
Where the rich eastern flowers combine  
Their hues of beauty,—are not all  
His work who framed this earthly ball?  
Flowers spring on earth—stars deck the sky—  
Alike in each his inward eye  
Knew his own work divine.  
Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,  
On earth, or sea, or sky, at morn or even,  
Flower, star, wave, vocal bird,  
To Him were fraught with memories of Heaven!

Yes—when this low, terrestrial sphere  
He deemed—a seeming child—to tread,  
Heard he not sounds none else could hear?  
And were not voiceless Seraphs near  
To hold communion with their Lord?  
And where th' Angelic Host adored,  
Did not glad Nature shed

Her sweetest flowers,—and if he were  
What seemed a wreath to human eyes,  
By Angels borne above,  
Might not that wreath outshine the crowns of  
Paradise.

*The Iris.*

#### POPULATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CAPTAIN FRANKLAND, in his recent Travels, has thus grouped, and very well distinguished the varied population of Constantinople. "How describe the grave, majestic, and graceful Effendi Turk, with snow-white turban, jetty beard, sparkling and full eyes, long, flowing caftan, scarlet trousers, yellow boots, rich cachmere shawl round the waist, in which shone the glittering, gilded handjar (dagger.) The light, gay, chattering, active, but cunning-looking Greek, distinguished by his short chin, black turban, enormously large but short trousers, bare legs, and black shoes. The grave but respectful Armenian, with his calpac of black felt, swelling like a balloon upon his head; he too wears the long robe of the Turk, but in his girdle the silver inkhorn supplies the place of the handjar, and his feet are clothed in the crimson slipper or boot. Next comes the despised and humiliated Jew, whose sallow countenance, contracted eyebrow, sunken eye, and quivering lip, are the characteristics of his nation all over the world; his head bent downwards as if by the weight of tyranny and the everlasting sin of his tribe, is surmounted by a blue turban, and his slippers are of the same colour. With these are seen the high, taper calpac of the Tartar, the melon-shaped head-piece of the Nizam Djedid, the grey felt conical cap of the Imaum and Dervish, and occasionally the ungraceful hat of the Frank, with its concomitant, angular, rectilinear, bebuttoned and mean-looking costume of Europe."

#### Retrospective Cleanings.

##### SHIPS.

To whom the world is obliged for the invention of ships is (says Potter) like all things of such antiquity—uncertain. There are divers persons who seem to make equal pretensions to this honour: such are Prometheus, Neptune, Janus, Atlas, Hercules, Jason, Danaus, Erythræus, &c.; but, by common fame, it is given to Minerva, the happy mother of all the arts and sciences.

The first ship seen in Greece arrived at Rhodes, from Egypt, 1485 before Christ. Hiero's ship, which was built under the direction of Archimedes, had



wood enough employed in it to make sixty gallees. It had all the variety of apartments of a palace—banqueting-rooms, gulleries, gardens, fish-ponds, stables, mills, baths, a temple of Venus, &c. It was encompassed with an iron rampart and eight towers, with walls and bulwarks, furnished with machines of war, particularly one, which threw a stone of 300 lbs., or a dart twelve cubics long, the space of half a mile, &c. This ship has been described by Athenæus, the mathematician, who wrote a Greek treatise "on machines of war."

The first double-decked ship built in England was of 1,000 tons burthen, by order of Henry VIII. 1509: it was called *The Great Harry*, and cost £14,000. Before this, twenty-four gun ships were the largest in our navy, and these had no port-holes, the guns being on the upper decks only. Port-holes were invented by Descharges, a French builder at Brest, in 1500. There were not above four merchant ships of 120 tons burthen before 1551. The first ship of the burthen of 800 tons was built in England, in 1597.

A first-rate man-of-war requires about 60,000 cubic feet of timber, and uses 180,000 lbs. of rough hemp in the cordage and sails for it. The ground on which the timber for a seventy-four gun ship would require to grow would be fourteen acres. It requires 3,000 loads of timber, each load containing fifty cubical feet. 1,500 well-grown trees, of two loads each, will cover fourteen acres, at twenty feet asunder; and 3,000 loads of rough oak cost about 2s. per foot, or 5*l.* per load.

P. T. W.

THE inhabitants of Chios anciently possessed a reputation for virtue, still maintained among them. According to Plutarch, there was no instance of adultery during the space of 700 years.

The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphics, represented destruction by a rat.

KNIVES are said to have been first made in England in 1563, by one Mathew, on Fleet Bridge, London.

THE Portuguese language must have been very poor before the time of Camoens, for he added *two thousand words*, and they were all accepted on the credit of a single man.

POMPEY the Great was the first who built fixed theatres, which he did nobly of square stone. Until then they were built of wood, and temporary. H. H.

## The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

DR. JOHN JEGON, of Bennett College, Cambridge, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, was a most serious man and grave governor; yet withal, of a most facetious disposition. The following is an instance:—While master of the college, he chanced to punish all the under graduates for some general offence, and the penalty was put on their heads in the buttery: he disdained however to apply the money to his own use, and it was expended in new whiteing the hall of the college; whereon a scholar hung up these lines on the screen:—

Doctor Jegon, Bennett College, master,  
Broke the scholars' heads, and gave the  
walls a plaster!

But the doctor, whose ready wit was not the least impaired by age, on reading the paper extempore, immediately rejoined in pencil:—

Knew I but the wag that writ these  
lines in bravery,  
I'd commend him for his wit, but whip  
him for his knavery.

H. J. M.

### AN ULTIMATUM.

AT Great Farringdon, Berks, in an old churchwarden's book of accounts, dated 1518, there is the form of then admitting churchwardens (as I suppose) into their office, in the following words:

"*Cherchye* Wardenys thise shal be youre charge to be tru to God and to the *Churche* for love nor favoure off no man wythe in thyse parishe to withhold ani Righyte to the *Churche* but to Res. seve the *Dettes* to hyt belongth or ellse to goo to ye *Devell*." C. K. W.

*Inscription on a board affixed to an empty Hovel, between Chelsea and Battersea Bridge.*

"TAKE Notis whoever trespasses on this premises will be prostituted accordin to Law." H. S. B.

### CONFIRMATION.

(For the Mirror.)

THE extreme ignorance of many of the lower classes of society respecting the nature, &c. of this solemn rite, is not less singular in this era of universal education, than pitiable. We speak from actual and personal knowledge when we state, that many of them fancy it to be a kind of feast, or convivial meeting. A servant who once lived in



the family of the writer, said, that under this idea, at the age of twelve years, she represented herself to the minister of the parish as fourteen, and fancying she was going to an entertainment, went as she expressed it, "*for the fun of the thing*," and was confirmed.

Under this impression also, at a confirmation held at a county town, in the summer of 1821, six or eight boys under the proper age, were found to have forged tickets of admission for themselves; the fraud was of course detected, and the ignorant authors of it severely reprimanded.

An old clergyman used to relate the following anecdote with great glee:—Once, when preparing his parishioners for the solemn ordinance of confirmation, he found amongst them one old woman so excessively ignorant and stupid, that for some weeks prior to the time, he was obliged to have her come to his house every day, in order to instruct and catechize her. At length he began to hope that his time, patience, and zeal, had not been entirely bestowed in vain, a few bright flashes of understanding having burst from the old dame's much beclouded intellect. The important day arrived; "Now my good friend," said the worthy pastor, just previous to the commencement of the ceremony, "as this is the last moment in which I shall have an opportunity of conversing with you, let me ask, *do you thoroughly understand, and believe all the articles of your Christian Faith?*" "Ay—yes, Sir, thank 'e," replied his venerable pupil, with a simper, and dropping one of her best curtsies, "*I does, indeed, now, and thank God, I heartily renounces 'em all!*"

M. L. B.

#### GIANTS.

It seems to have been a common notion that the race of mankind gradually diminishes in stature; hence Virgil reckons that posterity would behold with admiration, the huge bones of those Romans who fell in the civil wars, when afterwards they should accidentally be discovered:

"Grandinque effossa mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

A notion which naturally led the ancients to imagine that the first men had been giants in respect of us; or at least that there had been formerly giants in the world.—*Pegge's Anonymiana*.

DR. FULLER, (*Worthies of Gloucester*), after observing that the family of Win-

ter were great navigators, says, in his way, "The more the pity that this worthy family of the Winter's did ever leave the element of *water*, to tamper with *fire*, especially in a destructive way to their king and country;" alluding to Thomas Winter, concerned in, if not the first mover of, the Popish Plot, in the reign of James I.—*Rapin*, v. ii. p. 170.

#### CURIOUS GRANT.

LOOKING over Stowe's *Chronicle*, I met with the following curious grant of William the Conqueror, which was taken from the Library at Richmond.

W. C. R. R.

I William, King, the third yeare of my raigne,  
Giue to thee Norman Hunter, to me  
that art both Life and Deere,  
The Hop and the Hopton, all the bounds  
up and downe,  
Vnder the Earth to Hell, aboue the  
Earth to Heauen,  
And frome me and from mine, to thee  
and to thine,  
As good, and as faire, as euer they  
mine were,  
To witnesse that this is soothe, I bite the  
white wax with my toothe  
Before *Jugge Mawd*, and *Margery*, and  
my youngest son *Henry*,  
For one Bow and Broad Arrow, when I  
come to Hunt upon Yarrow.

#### EARLY PROFLIGACY.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, the blunderer, rose one day in the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a more serious and grave air than usual, "Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such, Mr. Speaker, that little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their maker."

#### ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

A LEARNED doctor having printed two heavy volumes of Natural History, a friend remarked to him, that his publication was, in several particulars, extremely erroneous; and when the other defended his volumes, replied, "Pray, doctor, are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am, Sir," was the reply. "Why, then, Sir," added his critic, "I advise you to send your work to the same place you send your vagrants to, that is, to the house of correction."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.